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THE SENTINEL OF POMPEII.

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THE SENTINEL OF POMPEII.

"Pompeii was overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius, accompanied by an earthquake, on the night of Aug. 24, A.D. 79. The principal citizens were then assembled at a theatre where public spectacles were exhibited. The ashes buried the whole city, and covered the surrounding country. After a lapse of sixteen centuries a countryman, as he was turning up the ground, found a bronze figure; and this discovery led to further search, which brought numerous other objects to light, and at length the city was uncovered."—*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.*

How many a hero of the past,
Though praised by bard and sage,
Deserves less fame than one whose name
Stands not on history's page;
But whose dread tomb—though not revealed
Until the present age—
Tells how a hero stood to die:—
The Sentinel of Pompeii!

Strong, eighteen hundred years ago,
The Roman Empire stood,
Based on the right of men of might,
Who fought through fire and blood;
And gathered 'neath its eagle wings
The evil and the good:
Black men and white, both bond and free—
From coast to coast, from sea to sea.

And Nations, thus absorbed by Rome,
Learned in her sway to boast:
Greece; Carthage; Gaul, united all
To swell the Roman host,
And Thrace and Macedonia joined
With those once hated most—
With Afric's sons of sable hue,
And swarthy Asiatics, too.

With Rome—the glorious capital—
There could no equal be;
But, where the breeze of Southern seas
Fans lower Italy,
There rises Mount Vesuvius
Above the azure sea;
And just beyond its fiery flood
The fair Pompeian city stood.

And Pompeii holds festival;
In the arena gay
The sport is strife: with human life
The gladiators play.
There savage beast must fight with beast;
Anon—the people say—
Two Christian youths will seal their cause
As martyrs, in the lions' jaws!

But in the amphitheatre,
Where thrilling trumpets sound,
'Midst rivals' frowns and victors' crowns,
My hero is not found;
Lo, at the city gate he stands—
To sentry duty bound:
A common soldier at his post,
But one of Rome's undaunted host.

There the centurion posted him,
As afternoon grew late,
To stand his ground, and still be found,
Nor fly from foe nor fate:
Though earth should melt and sky should fall,
To guard the city gate—
Until the hour he knew full well,
When they should change the sentinel.

The sentry's lineage? 'Tis unknown.
His race? It matters not.
I sing his worth—his place of birth?
It matters not a jot!
Perchance from Britain he was brought
To share Rome's bondsmen's lot:
For British captives, first enslaved,
Might freedom gain for perils braved.

But, worshipped he Rome's heathen gods?
Or did he higher soar?
I cannot tell; but know full well
That fifteen years before,
When Paul preached Christ in haughty Rome,
Some learned Him to adore;
And Paul and Peter for their faith,
Had, years ago, been put to death.

Scarce half the sentry's time has passed
When darker grows the sky;
And dogs that roam, creep, whining, home;
While feather'd creatures fly
In terror o'er the plain, from where
Vesuvius towers high:
For—bursting from its crest—Oh! see,
A darkly-spreading canopy!

On come the blinding clouds of sand,
Above the fertile plain;
While bolts of fire, and boiling mire,
Down on the city rain!
Aye, on the amphitheatre,
Where, for unholy gain,
Men wagered (deaf to prayer or groan)
On other lives—and lost their own!

The Christian converts, waiting doom,
Like Paul and Silas lay,
Till earthquake shock rends dungeon rock;
And, freed! they—flying—pray;
The sentry at the city gate
Points them the safest way:
An unloos'd lion slinks ahead!—
A partner in the common dread.

A Consul pleads for aid from slaves
Who once cringed at his board;
A miser flies—then homeward hies
To save what he had stored.
The earthquake wrecks his house, and he
Lies buried with his hoard!
Alone a selfish father flies;
The mother clasps her babe, and dies.

What of the faithful sentinel?
Undaunted still is he!
There lava pours, 'midst thunderous roars,
Into the boiling sea;
Here, clouds of burning ashes fall,
And all in terror flee—
Save one, whose grave doth round him rise:
He stands unmoved; and—standing—dies!

And still the mountain belches forth
Its dark and lurid stream,
Till human cries no more arise;
And silence reigns supreme.
And thus the city disappeared—
Like cities in a dream:
And generations named, with dread,
The buried "City of the Dead."

* * * * *

A thousand years have passed away,
And centuries beside;
Bright fields are seen, and vineyards green
Now flourish far and wide
Above the spot where Pompeii
Stood stately in its pride;
Its whereabouts unknown till now
To him who walks behind the plough.

The ploughshare strikes some weighty thing,
When ploughing o'er a mound.
With pick and spade a search is made;
A statue in the ground
Is soon unearthed, and indicates
The buried city found!
And further search recalls the woe
Of many centuries *ago.*

By patient toil in later years
The city is exhumed;
And, all around, the dead are found
As when they were entombed;
While seeking to escape the fate
To which they had been doomed—
Their attitudes of moral dread
Still seen in the distorted dead.

But what is this now brought to light?
'Midst prostrate figures, see—
Standing erect, his body decked
In martial panoply—
A sentry at the city gate!
Though dead, yet speaketh he—
Aye, speaks, to all the human race,
Of death and duty, face to face!

Far-seeing Providence Divine!
Short-sighted human mind
Forgot the man, and all his clan;
But later ages find
His upright corse a monument
Which challenges mankind:
In weal or woe—come good or ill—
To nobly stand to duty still.

* * * * *

Not long this voice of centuries
Appeals to us in vain.
Let age and youth who fight for truth
Fight on, with might and main!
Assured if God should let them fall,
He'll raise them up again,
And when despair would whisper "Fly!"
Stand firm, and whisper, "Here am I!"

—*Joseph Malins in British Workman.*

THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL Railway has a magnificent new station at Detroit. No saloon or bar is allowed under its roof.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—MARCH 11.

CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.—Matt. 21 : 1-16.

COMMIT VERSES 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Ps. 118 : 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Worthy is the Lord to receive honor and praise.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 20 : 29-34.
T. Matt. 21 : 1-16.
W. Mark 11 : 1-16.
Th. Luke 19 : 29-40.
F. John 12 : 1-17.
Sa. Ps. 118 : 19-29.
Su. Rev. 7 : 9-17.

PLACE.—(1) Bethphage. (2) Main road from Bethany to Jerusalem. (3) Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 11 : 1-11, 15, 17; Luke 19 : 29-46; John 12 : 12-16.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—*Jesus' work is nearly done,* and the time has come for him to enter Jerusalem as its king, in accordance with the prophecy of Zech. 9 : 9, to show the people that he was their long-expected Messiah. Leaving Bethany, he takes the most frequented road over Mount Olivet to Jerusalem, *i.e.,* the one to the south, between the Mount of Olives and Hill of Offence. The distance travelled was about two miles.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Bethphage:* a small village near Bethany on the way to Jerusalem. *Mount of Olives:* a mountain east of Jerusalem, a mile from the city. So called from its olive trees. 2. *Ye shall find an ass tied:* In the East the ass is in high esteem. Statelier, livelier, swifter than with us, it vies with the horse in favor. 4. *Spoken by the prophet:* Zechariah (9 : 9). 5. *Thy king cometh:* but a king of peace. The horse was a mark of war: the ass, of peace. All Christ's triumphs are for peace, and by peaceful means. 8. *Spread their garments:* cloaks, outer garments. An eastern custom to give the highest honor. 9. *And the multitudes:* in Nero's time a census showed that 2,700,000 Jews were present at a Passover. *Went before and followed:* *i.e.,* those who had come out from Jerusalem to meet him, and those who followed him out from Bethany. *Hosanna:* the Greek spelling of the Hebrew word for *save now* in Ps. 118 : 25. 12. *And Jesus went:* This took place the next day, according to Mark. On Sunday Jesus looked into the temple, and returned to Bethany, and on Monday returned to the temple. *The temple of God:* including the courts. This event took place in the outer court, the court of the Gentiles. *Sold and bought:* animals, wine, oil, etc., for sacrifices. *Money changers:* many came from other countries and their money was not current here, and the temple tax must be paid in the coin of the Jewish shekel. 13. *It is written:* in Isaiah 56 : 7. The last clause was from Jer. 7 : 11. 15. *Children crying:* shouting, singing, with the others. 16. *Have ye never read:* Ps. 8 : 2, from Septuagint version.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus in our last lesson? Whither going? What took place at Jericho? (Matt. 20 : 29-34). What marvellous conversion at the same time and place? (Luke 19 : 1-10.) What parable did Jesus speak here? (Luke 19 : 11-28.) Where did he go from Jericho? (John 12 : 1; Matt. 21 : 1.) What took place here in the evening after the Sabbath? (Matt. 26 : 6-13; John 12 : 2-8.) How near was Jesus now to the end of his earthly life?

SUBJECT: THE TRIUMPHS OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

I. THE PRINCE OF PEACE IN TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION (vs. 1-11).—Where did this triumphal procession take place? On what day? Was it their Sabbath? What did Jesus send for? Would it be a pleasure to help Jesus in this way? Have we anything of "which the Lord has need?" What prophecy was fulfilled by Jesus at this time? (Zech. 9 : 9.) What did the multitude do for Jesus? What did they say? What did they express by these acts? How may we honor Christ? Why should we honor him? Ought we to have religious enthusiasm? What was the object of this great procession? What did Jesus do when he reached the top of Olivet? (Luke 19 : 41-43.) Does Jesus still feel sorry for those who will not repent and come to *him? What did Jesus* say to some one who opposed this demonstration? (Luke 19 : 40.)

II. THE PRINCE OF PEACE TRIUMPHING OVER EVIL MEN (vs. 12, 13).—What did Jesus find in the temple the next day? For what purpose was there buying and selling in the temple? In what part of the temple was this? What was the need of money-changers there? What did Jesus do to them all? What scriptures did he quote? (Isa. 56 : 7; Jer. 7 : 11.) How do children sometimes profane the house of God? What are we made to be (1 Cor. 3 : 16.) How is such a temple defiled? What will God do if it remains so? (1. Cor. 3 : 17.) What does he want done? (2 Cor. 6: 14-18; Acts 15 : 8,9.)

III. THE PRINCE OF PEACE TRIUMPHING OVER THE SORROWS OF MEN (v. 14).—What did Jesus do in the temple? Was this a work befitting the house of prayer? Does Jesus still help those in sickness and sorrow? Should this also be a work of his church? Is the house of God the place to go for spiritual healing?

IV. THE CHILDREN PRAISING THE PRINCE OF PEACE (vs. 15, 16).—How did the children honor Jesus? Was their praise acceptable? How may children now honor and praise him? How can the church aid in this? Is the church aided and blessed by children joining in its services of praise?

LESSON XII.—MARCH 18.

THE SON REJECTED.—MATT. 21 : 33-46.

COMMIT VERSES 42-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own and his own received him not.—John 1 : 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The rejection of Jesus Christ is the most ungrateful and dangerous of sins.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 21 : 17-32.
T. Matt. 21 : 33-46.
W. Mark 12 : 1-12.
Th. Luke 20 : 9-19.
F. Isa. 5 : 1-7.
Sa. 1 Pet. 2 : 1-12.
Su. Eph. 2 : 11-22.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 12 : 1-12; Luke 20 : 9-19.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—*After the cleansing* of the temple on Monday, Jesus returned to Bethany *for the night.* Tuesday morning he returns to the temple, giving a lesson to his disciples from the withered fig-tree on the way. In the temple the chief priests question the authority of Jesus, and he speaks three parables to them, of which this is the second.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

33. *Vineyard:* God's kingdom. (1) the Jewish people, (2) the Christian church, (3) each heart. *Hedge:* of thorns, or a stone wall. The laws and institutions which separated the Jews from all others. *Winepress:* or wine-fat, *often dug out of the earth or the solid rock. Tower:* built for the use of the keepers, who defended the vineyards from thieves and animals. The hedge, winepress, *and tower* represent the advantages conferred by God upon the Jews, the church, the soul. *Husbandmen:* rulers of the Jews (Matt. 21 : 45); but the people as a whole, a nation or a church, are included (Matt. 21 : 43). And also each person to whom God has committed the influences for making his own soul a kingdom of God. *Far country:* *i.e.,* God appeared to withdraw from the earth, thus testing the fidelity and obedience of his children. 34. *The time of fruit:* *i.e.,* when the fruit season drew near. Probably no definite time, but whenever any special duty was to be done, or special call to repentance made, as by the prophets. *His servants:* the prophets. Every special call to love and serve God, every service at the church, every providence of God, every voice of the Holy Spirit, every season of revival, is a servant whom God sends to us for the fruits that are due him. *Fruits of the vineyard:* repentance, righteousness. 35. *Beat, and killed:* as Jeremiah, Isaiah, etc. (See Heb. 11 : 36-38.) 37. *His son:* Jesus. 38. *Seize on his inheritance:* they felt that Christ's teaching would destroy their influence and power in the nation; and if they slew him, they could still hold it for themselves. 42. *Read in the scriptures:* referring to Ps. 118 : 22, 23, a psalm which the Jews applied to the Messiah. *The stone:* Christ, the Messiah. 43. *Taken from you:* the Jewish nation, Jerusalem, as the temple was destroyed about forty years after this. *Given to a nation:* to the Christian church composed largely of Gentiles (Acts 13 : 46). 44. *Fall on this stone:* stumble at some of the teachings of Christ, or his divine nature. *On whomsoever it shall fall:* in punishment for final and complete rejection.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was Jesus doing in our last lesson? Where? Trace Jesus course between the last lesson and this. In what place was this parable spoken? Under what circumstances? How long before the crucifixion?

SUBJECT: WHAT GOD DOES FOR MAN AND MAN'S TREATMENT OF GOD.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE VINEYARD.—WHAT GOD DOES FOR US (v. 33).—Who is referred to by a householder? What is represented by the vineyard? What was a wine-press? What was the hedge for? The object of the tower? What do these represent? What had God done to protect the Jews and enable them to bring forth good fruit? What has he done for his church? What has God done for you to make you good? How would you answer the question in Isa. 5 : 4, f. c.? What is meant by the owner going to a far country?

II. THE FRUITS.—THE CLAIMS OF GOD UPON US (v. 34).—What had the owner a right to expect from those who used the vineyard? On what grounds had he this right? Were a part of the fruits rightfully used by the husbandmen? What fruits did God expect from the Jews? What does he expect from the church? What from you? Is it wrong to withhold these fruits? When has God a right to them? Does he allow us any portion of the fruits for ourselves?

III. THE MESSENGERS.—THE CALLS OF GOD FOR HIS DUE (vs. 34, 37).—Whom did the householder send for his fruits? Who are represented by the servants? by the son? In what ways does God call upon us for the fruits?

IV. THE REJECTION OF THOSE SENT (vs. 35-39.)—What did they do to the servants? How were some of the prophets treated by the Jews? (Heb. 11 : 36-38.) Name some of them? In what respects do men now treat God's messengers to them (the Bible, the Sabbath, the Holy Spirit) as the husbandmen treated these servants? Who was next sent? Why would they be expected to reverence him? What did they say? What did they mean by seizing the inheritance? What did they do to the son?

How do men treat Christ? Why should we expect that they would reverence and love him? What is meant, *as applied to us,* by the desire that "the inheritance shall be ours"?

V. THE PUNISHMENT (vs. 40-46).—How did the rulers unconsciously condemn themselves? (vs. 40, 41.) What was the punishment of the wicked husbandmen? How was this fulfilled in the Jews? How will it be fulfilled in those who reject Christ? Is there any other hope for those who reject him? Why not? What prophecy did Jesus recall? (Ps. 118 : 22, 23.) Who is meant by the rejected stone? Has Jesus become the head of the corner? Meaning of v. 44? Apply it to men now.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1888.)

1. Jan. 1.—Herod and John the Baptist.—Matt. 14 : 1-12.
2. Jan. 8.—The Multitude Fed.—Matt. 14 : 13-21.
3. Jan. 15.—Jesus walking on the Sea.—Matt 14 : 22-36.
4. Jan. 22.—Jesus and the Afflicted, Matt.—15 : 21-31.
5. Jan. 29.—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. 16 : 13-23.
6. Feb. 5.—The Transfiguration.—Matt. 17 : 1-13.
7. Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. 18 : 1-14.
8. Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. 18 : 21-35.
9. Feb. 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. 19 : 16-26.
10. March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. 20 : 17-29.
11. **March 11.—Christ Entering Jerusalem.—Matt 21 : 1-16.**
12. **March 18.—The Son Rejected.—Matt. 21 : 33-46.**
13. March 25.—Review, Temperance, Gal. 5 : 16-26, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away,
With the selfsame round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine—
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—*Selected.*

ONE GIRL'S EXPERIMENT.

Persis sat in her room in deep thought. She had knit her pretty brows, and put on an air of inward calculation; and as we are her friends we will look into the busy brain and see what she was thinking about.

"Was there ever such a disgraceful looking room!" she thought. "An old bedstead and bureau that mother had when she first went to housekeeping, and which all the successive boarders for ten years have nearly banged out of existence; that washstand that is always threatening to tip over when the block, that props it up where one of the legs is missing, comes out; one broken-seated chair, a mirror, and this carpet that is only a rag. No pictures, no ornaments; nothing at the windows but those ugly white shades. I don't care for, or at least I don't expect, beautiful things, but I would like decency. A slight contrast to Kitty Moore's room!" and Persis laughed rather grimly.

But she was not without some hope of bettering the condition of things. Her mother was a widow, who supported herself and family by taking boarders, whose rooms must, of course, be kept in good condition, so only the odds and ends of furniture had fallen to Persis. But she had taught the fall term of school in her district, and with the money thus earned she had determined to replenish the furnishings of her room. But then, she was needing a new gown and other articles of dress, and there was in her mind a conflict between the two needfuls.

Finally she ran down stairs and took a paper from the dining-room table, and then ran back with it to her room. There, seated at the foot of her bed, she pondered over one of the articles contained in the paper, until she had arrived at a decision, and then said aloud: "I'll do it. It won't cost much, and I can both furnish my room and get my new dress."

The next morning Persis began operations. She went down street and purchased quite a large amount of drab and blue cretonne, several yards of cheese cloth, and two yards of blue silesia. Then for the next three weeks she was very busy; but at the end of that time her furnishings were complete, and the following was the result, though we should add that the directions in the paper had been faithfully followed, and Persis had developed a *good* deal of ingenuity in carrying out its instructions.

The mantel was covered with the cretonne, and then draped with a lambrequin of the same, headed with a narrow pinked ruffle of the silesia. Upon the mantle she placed several Christmas cards and a blue vase. That looked very well, she thought. She had some misgivings lest the cretonne should fade; but the paper said blue, and she concluded it was all right.

Then, for a stand between the two windows, she took half of a hogshead cover that was lying in the back yard, nailed it to the window casings, and put a large brace beneath to support it. This improvised stand she covered in the same way as the mantel, and draped it with a long valance extending to the floor to hide the brace.

Then from two packing boxes she manufactured a dressing-case and commode, both covered with the cretonne; and in the inside of each were shelves to take the place of a bureau. These were concealed by the hanging drapery in front. Above the dressing-case hung an old mirror, also draped with cretonne.

Instead of chairs, she covered two square boxes for ottomans, and put one in front of each window. Her brother John made her the frame-work of a barrel chair, and Persis covered it with the cretonne. She made cheese cloth curtains for the windows, and also draped the old bedstead with cheese cloth, and looped back the folds with bands of cretonne.

She covered the floor with a straw matting, which was only twelve and one-half cents a yard. Then she put her books on the stand, hung up her one picture, a chromo, and sat down to contemplate the result. She looked a little puzzled, as she sat there, and finally she said aloud:

"It doesn't look quite as I thought it would, but I did just what the paper said. I'll call up mother and see what she says."

So presently up came the mother to take the final survey and pass judgment. She forbore to criticise, and only said:

"It looks very clean and dainty, dear, and I hope you will like it well enough to pay you for all the trouble you have taken with it. We can tell better in a month's time how it pleases us. Now come and eat your supper while the waffles are hot."

But Persis could not wait for the slow progress of time to tell her the good and bad qualities of her room. During the first week of possession one of her school friends came to spend the day with her, and on her arrival Persis took her up to the lately adorned room, and then waited anxiously for the verdict. But it did not come readily, so Persis, having waited for some time in vain, asked,

"How do you like my room, Sadie?"

Sadie puckered her mouth into a comical twist, and said,

"Persis if you are satisfied that is enough. The approval of a good conscience—"

"Yes, yes!" broke in Persis, "but why don't you like it?"

"I did not say that I don't."

"You needn't try to cheat me, Sadie, I know you of old. Tell me instantly what the matter is with this room."

"Well," said Sadie, slowly, "I don't like so much sham. Do you?"

Persis colored. It had been the one thorn in the flesh.

"Then," went on Sadie, "I fear that these gay trappings will come to grief in the course of time. Cretonne has a terrible aptitude for fading. But you'll see. 'Seek not to proticipate,' as Sairey Gamp says."

Persis did see, as time went on. One night a stout friend of her mother's sat down rather heavily in the barrel chair. There was a crash and shivering of timbers, and to Persis' horror, she saw her guest sink through to the floor. John had not nailed on the boards quite strongly enough. The lady was speedily extricated from the wreck, and received Persis' excuses with the greatest good-nature.

"Never mind, child, never mind?" she said, with a jolly laugh, "I know how it is with this home-made furniture. Sister Jane and I tried it once, but we soon got tired of it, and now we keep to boughten articles. I wonder your mother likes it," she went on inquisitively. "She always was a master hand for having things that were well made and substantial so they would last."

Persis' hot cheeks grew redder still, but she said nothing. But when the guest had departed, she tore the cretonne off the fragments of the chair, and split up the staves for kindlings. Then she sat down and fanned her hot cheeks, but said nothing aloud, though it is possible she made some inward resolves.

After that the cretonne on the various articles of furniture seemed to fade faster than ever. The blue was dim, and the drab dirty, especially on the dressing-case and commode. Persis ripped the cover off one of the ottomans, to see if the cretonne would bear washing, but the result was so bad that she made no farther attempts in that direction. The straw matting began to break away in places and before long there was a large hole directly in front of the bed. She put down a braided rug of her mother's to cover it, but others came fast, and they could not all be hidden. The cheese cloth curtains never had pleased her, for she thought they looked so cheap."

And so one day, six months after she had completed her renovations, Persis sat down and once more took an account of stock.

"Every cent spent on this room," she said to herself, "was a waste. I never have liked it, and am glad I kept no record of the expense, for it would vex me so to look at it now. The cretonne is good for nothing now; the cheese cloth is 'dirt cheap;' the matting is disgraceful, and those old packing boxes shall not stay here much longer. But I am to teach school this spring, and with the money I will buy some real furniture.

As Persis planned, so she executed. When the summer came she bought a neat ash chamber suit for thirty-five dollars, covered the floor with plain white matting of good quality that would last for years, got black walnut poles for the windows, and draped them with scrim curtains that cost twenty-five cents a yard, and made a toilet set of scrim, ornamented with drawn work and ribbons.

When the bed was made up with its white counterpane, the towel rack hung with fresh towels, and Persis' books and keepsakes scattered round, the room looked wonderfully fresh and pretty. In the course of time pictures were added, with a bracket, a statuette, and a hanging shelf for books. And if Persis lives to be a hundred she will never forget the lasting enjoyment that she had from her room when it was tastefully furnished with furniture that was no longer a sham.

RECIPES.

POTATO PUFFS.—Boil and mash the potatoes, and while hot make into balls the size of a large egg. Butter a tin sheet, brush over the balls with yolk of an egg and brown them quickly in a hot oven, which will take from five to ten minutes. Slip them from the tin with a knife to a hot platter and serve at once.

CAPER SAUCE.—Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg and add two even tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Stir steadily till smooth and add slowly one pint of milk or milk and water, or water alone, the milk being most delicate. Add two tablespoonfuls of capers, and the juice of half a lemon is also nice, and a speck of cayenne pepper may be used.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Allow twenty minutes to the pound and put on in boiling water, to which a teaspoonful of salt to the quart has been added. It is whiter and more delicate boiled in a cloth, but does not require it. Fast boiling hardens the meat. It should merely simmer till done, and if to be eaten cold is better cooled in the water, as this makes it more juicy. Strain the broth into the stock jar.

STEWED TURNIPS.—If new they will cook in fifteen minutes; if old not less than an hour will be needed. Peel and slice or cut in quarters. Put on in boiling salted water and cook till tender. Then pour off this water and add one cup of milk and water, equal parts of each. Blend a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour smoothly; add a saltspoonful of pepper and two of salt, simmer all together ten or fifteen minutes and serve in a deep dish.

POTATO SOUP.—Six large or medium-sized potatoes, one onion, one stalk of celery, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Cut up onion and celery, add to milk and put it on in a double boiler to boil slowly while the potatoes are cooking. Boil them, mash fine and light when done, add the butter and seasoning and then the boiling milk. Rub all through a coarse sieve and serve at once, as it spoils if allowed to stand.

BREAD SAUCE.—Into one and a half pints of milk put one onion whole, and let it simmer on the cooler part of the stove for several hours, until the milk is well flavored. Rub a sufficient quantity of bread through a colander, or if it is stale, grate it. Just before using take out the onion, let the milk come to a boil, put in a lump of butter half the size of an egg, pepper and salt. Pour in the grated bread, stirring constantly, and let the whole boil about two minutes. Put in enough bread to thicken the milk almost to a paste. Serve hot. Bread sauce is a great addition to roast chicken. It may be used with cold fowl, by pouring into small moulds and when cool, turn out into a dish.

BOUDINS.—Chop cold cooked meat very fine, and to every pint allow one tablespoonful of butter, half cup of cream or milk, whites of three eggs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter and pour it over the meat; add cream or milk, and the seasonings, then pound it well with a potato masher; add carefully the well-beaten whites. Fill custard cups two-thirds full with the mixture, stand in a baking-pan half filled with boiling water, and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. When done, turn them carefully on a heated dish and pour around them cream sauce.

FRIED CREAM.—One pint of milk, half a cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch and one of flour mixed; half a teaspoonful of vanilla, two inches of stick cinnamon, a teaspoonful of butter. Boil the cinnamon in the milk. Stir the corn starch and flour smooth in a little cold milk or water and add to the milk when it has boiled five minutes. Beat the yolks with the sugar till very light and add them. Take from the fire, stir in the butter and vanilla and pour out into a buttered biscuit tin or platter, letting it be about half an inch thick. When perfectly cold and stiff cut into pieces about three inches long and two inches wide. Dip carefully in sifted cracker crumbs, then in an egg beaten with one spoonful of cold water, then in crumbs again. Have lard in a frying kettle or very deep spider; put the pieces in a wire frying basket. Test the lard by dropping in a bit of bread. If it browns while you count thirty the heat is sufficient. Fry a golden brown; lay on folded brown paper in the oven for four or five minutes and serve at once. Very delicious.

PUZZLES.

WHAT AM I?

A careful mother I am found,
As all my hunters know,
For when my little ones seemed doomed
To dire mischance or woe,
I take them up upon my back,
And as each little mite,
With tail around my tail, holds on,
I bear it out of sight.
My hair is yellow, legs dark brown,
I've long and white moustaches,
But, strange to say, my small keen eyes
No eyelids have, nor lashes.
My ears are large, my nose is long,
My mouth is wide and sneering,
Well fitted with its many teeth
To set stray chickens fearing.
I gobble insects, eggs, and birds,
And fruits and roots can charm me;
I hide upon or in a tree
When niggers come to harm me.
Alas! they sometimes smoke me out,
To make of me a dinner,
Though I can feign to lie a corpse
So well that no beginner
Could find me out! then up and off,
Behold me, gaily swinging
From some tall tree, by curling tail
I hang while safely clinging.
Then flinging off from bough to bough,
I join my children, waiting,
And teach them how to cheat their foes,
My own experience stating.
At least, they comprehend my speech,
Though you might never heed me,
Although I pleaded for my life
When you had caught and "tree'd" me.

Now, if this hint, kind readers all,
Will not quite plain reveal me,
Why, ask the next old negro where
He last contrived to steal me,
To form a rug for Missey's feet,
So soft and pretty, warm and neat.

(A picture answer will be given in next number.)

GREAT MEN'S TITLES.

(Find familiar titles of five great military leaders of five nationalities, and name the men to whom the titles have been applied.)

1. An article, small, and an army rank.
2. An article, a noun expressing paternity, a preposition, a possessive pronoun, and a nation.
3. An article, a victor, a preposition, and a locality.
4. An article, an adjective of magnitude, and an army rank.
5. A proper name signifying "a defender of men," an article and an adjective of magnitude.

WORD VALUES.

1. From 1006 get a word implying energy.
2. From 1001 get a word meaning performed.

A QUOTATION ENIGMA.

The whole, of 43 letters, is a familiar quotation from Isaac Watts:

On their own 15, 21, 30, 16, 3, 17, 15, 43, 42, 34, 23, 40 men are dumb.—*Colman.*

Pity 15, 21, 23, 24, 10 to the 13, 7, 8, 9 to love.—*Dryden.*

I'll make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of 22, 36, 40, 14.—*Shakespeare.*

6, 12, 29, 27, 11 rush in where angels fear to 40, 30, 34, 36, 32.—*Pope.*

The 18, 35, 25, 33, 38 is father of the 13, 36, 36.—*Wordsworth.*

I am 15, 41, 5, 4, 30, 18, 35 of 36, 33, 26 I survey.—*Cowper.*

13, 2, 37 wants but little 10, 21, 30, 14 below.
Nor wants that 26, 31, 40, 3, 27, 34 long.—*Goldsmith.*

The ripest fruit 23, 36, 26, 27, 39, 6, 20, 30, 1, 24.—*Shakespeare.*

Coming events 18, 2, 1, 24 their shadows before.—*Campbell.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 4.

A STRANGE TALE.—Pop-corn.

NAMES OF FISHES.—
1. White Bait.
2. Umbrina.
3. Torpedo.
4. Sturgeons.
5. Stickleback.
6. Hammer-headed shark.
7. Remora.
8. Porpoise.
9. Manatus.
10. Lamprey.
11. Lump-fish.
12. Halibut.
13. Gurnard.
14. Gymnote.
15. Gold-sinny.

WHAT IS THIS?—A dog.

BEHEADINGS.—
Blowing-lowing-owing-wing-win-in-n.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by George Garbutt, and Jennie G. Bracken.

The Family Circle.

NOW.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

When our dead are taken
From our sight,
All their faults and follies
Vanish quite.
All the little discords,
All the fret,
All the moods and puzzles,
We forget.
Nothing but their sweetness
We recall,—
How they served us, pleased us,
That is all!
Only tender memories
Come to mind,
Love's dear recognitions
Sure and kind;
Fair as are the angels
Unto men
Shine those vanished faces
To us then.

When our dead have left us
What avails?
Can they hear our voices?—
Thick the veils
Drawn 'twixt sense and spirit.
Who can know
If our love may follow
Where they go?
All our bitter yearning
Is in vain,
Though to pierce the darkness
We are fain.
Love has but its minute,
Its brief day,
Nor for any grieving
Will delay.
Ere the cruel spoiler
Disallow,
If you love your loved ones,
Love them now.

—*S. S. Times.*

THE STUPID COUPLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE ATLANTIC.

(Concluded.)

The men in the boat rowed fiercely. The passengers could see the coxswain and the bowman standing up, trying to distinguish something where the waves lifted, but even with glasses they could see nothing of the swimmer.

A famous general, who had marched with a great army to victory, came up now to Mrs. Pierrepoint, and, holding his hat in his hand, said:

"Madam, your brave husband has done a noble act. It is grand to see such pluck and dash. I trust you will have him back soon. Will you come up on the bridge beside the captain, where you can have a much better outlook over the sea? And perhaps you will make use of my binocular?"

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I shall be glad to have your glass and to go on the bridge—if the captain allows me," she added, smiling. "But I don't think my husband is in danger. He has often been a long time in the water, and can swim well in his clothes. There is still plenty of light for the boat to find him. I only hope he may catch that dear little child in time. The boat should reach them soon."

The general led Mrs. Pierrepoint up to the bridge and said a word to the captain. The captain at once came over, saying, "The boat is close to them now. I saw them less than a minute ago through my glass on the top of a wave."

"Do you see them? Are they together?" asked Mrs. Pierrepoint.

"Yes," replied the captain, "I believe they are." But his voice was now broken, and he took hold of Mrs. Pierrepoint's hand. "I watched my child from here with my glass till at last he floated so low that I could scarcely see him, and just as he seemed sinking your husband dashed across the spot where he was, and I saw by a wave of his hand towards the ship that he had caught him. He is now waiting for the boat. What a splendid swimmer he is."

"Oh, yes, he is a good swimmer. I am so glad he was near," said Mrs. Pierrepoint. "I believe, captain, he will bring back your little boy safe."

When Pierrepoint sprang over he had been so quick that he was not very far from the child; but he knew that all depended on reaching him soon, and he could only see him now and then when the waves lifted them both at the same time, but those glimpses gave him the direction; and without minding in the least the fact that the steamer was receding from him at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and that he was left alone in the middle of the great Atlantic with no one near him but a little sinking child, he swam on as quickly as possible, saw the child on the side of a wave, made a dash at him, and caught him by the arm as he was sinking. Jack's fears had got the better of him. He had given up hope, but now he roused up and with a cry caught John Pierrepoint's beard. Pierrepoint raised the child's head as far as he dared, and placed his little cheek against his own while passing his left arm around Jack's waist. Jack began to recover from his fright, and as he had often bathed in colder water than this he did not mind the sea so much now that he had something to hold on to.

"Well, Jacky, how are you now, and what made you jump into the water?" asked Pierrepoint.

"Oh, take me back to papa, take me back to the steamer. Where is the steamer?"

"Now you must keep quiet and not fret," said Pierrepoint. "We are just to wait here till we are sent for. Your father is sending a boat for us. Are you cold, Jacky?"

"No, not very cold; but show me where the steamer is."

"Well," said Pierrepoint, "rub the salt water out of your eyes against my cheek and I'll turn round till we face the steamer; then, when we rise on the top of a wave, you must look quick."

They looked, and there was the great steamer with her four masts and low red funnels, with clouds of white steam rushing out of her escape-pipes, as she lay almost stationary on the water about a quarter of a mile away.

Pierrepoint could see that the upper decks and bulwarks and the lower rigging were swarming with people; every one on board seemed to have come up. When they rose on the next wave a great change had taken place for them—the sun had set. Pierrepoint saw it disappear as the wave lifted them, and the surface of the water became a dark gray, but the strong light still shone for a few seconds longer on the funnels and masts of the steamer.

Pierrepoint, with his little burden, floated so low that the men in the boat had not yet seen him, but he had seen the boat just as the sun disappeared and now knew where to look for it. He pulled a white handkerchief out of his coat-pocket, and when they were on the top of a sea he gave a shout and waved. But the call was unheeded. The sea sank from under them and they were in the hollow before the boat had risen. The next time he succeeded. As the boat rose the coxswain heard a call and saw the swimmers on a wave. The boat's course was slightly altered, and in a few minutes the boat had them alongside.

All this time Pierrepoint had been treading water quietly, only keeping a lookout and encouraging Jacky to keep up his heart, but Jacky could not have kept up much longer. The fright and cold were telling upon him, and as the boat came up his big eyes closed and his cheek dropped heavily against Pierrepoint's.

The coxswain now took charge of the situation.

"Don't be in a hurry, sir," he called. "How is the boy?"

"Oh, I think he is all right," said Pierrepoint; "he was quite lively a minute ago."

The coxswain then called, "Be careful now; steady, lads, there; be very careful. One of you catch the child by the arm; another of you lay hold of the gentleman."

Pierrepoint had laid his hand lightly on the boat's gunwale and still held Jacky firmly. Micky, the fireman, fastened his toes among the bottom boards of the boat and, stretching down till his face almost touched the water, caught little Jacky first by one arm and then by both, and with a dexterous twist raised him quietly from the water and laid him in the bottom of the boat. Two of the sailors then caught Pierrepoint by the shoulders and pulled him in; then they patted him on the breast and back, a way that sailors have of expressing sympathy and approval; and then they cheered and waved their caps towards the ship. The rowers again took their places, and the men rowed back towards the steamer.

Mr. Pierrepoint and Micky attended to the child. His color now returned and his eyes opened and he sat up, the water running out of his linen clothes. Pierrepoint's eye now caught sight of his plaid lying in the boat and he asked the coxswain to pass it to him.

"A lady threw it in as we were leaving," the steersman said.

"Oh, yes; I know very well who the lady was," Pierrepoint replied. "I wish I had her here just now to take care of the boy." Then seeing in what a womanly, gentle way Mickey was handling the child, he said, "My black friend, I'll appoint you nurse, if Jacky does not mind the soot."

Jacky looked up, and recognizing the fireman as one of his friends, put his arms round his grimy neck.

"Sure, sir," said Mickey, "Master Jacky knows me quite well."

"Then," said Pierrepoint, "pull off his wet clothes and roll him up in the plaid."

This was done, and Jacky felt quite warm and dry. Mickey kept him on his knee, rolled up like a mummy.

One of the sailors handed Pierrepoint an old, rough jacket, which he pulled on over his wet clothes.

The steamer had drifted round till her broadside was towards the boat and therefore, as she could do nothing to lessen the distance, the men in the boat had to do the more rowing, and they got on but slowly, for the sea was a little rougher and the light was going. The captain still stood on the "Shasta's" bridge, watching the boat through his binocular. He saw Pierrepoint and the boy pulled in, and then he could only see that the men seemed busy about something in the bottom of the boat; after that he saw Pierrepoint sitting up and a brown bundle in the fireman's arms. He knew this was his boy, rolled up in something; but he could not help questioning within himself whether his boy was coming back to him alive or dead.

Mrs. Pierrepoint was still beside Capt. Hood and felt that she knew what was passing in his mind. The boat was now much nearer; they were both watching it intently, but the light was failing. At the same moment they both saw Mr. Pierrepoint stand up and wave his right hand in a peculiar way.

"That was a signal, madam; what does it mean?" asked the captain.

"Wait a minute till he repeats. Yes; I see it plainly this time. He says, 'All well,'" replied Mrs. Pierrepoint.

These words were heard by some of the ship's officers and passengers who stood near, and they raised a cheer, which was taken up all over the deck and passed across the water to the boat which was getting near.

"Thank God!" said Capt. Hood; "we will soon have them on board again." He then left the bridge in charge of the first officer and went aft, accompanied by Mrs. Pierrepoint, to the place where the gig would be brought on board. Here the quartermaster made a clear space on deck, and in the centre of the space stood the captain, Mrs. Pierrepoint, and the stewardess. To her Mrs. Pierrepoint said, "Order a warm bath to be ready for the child;" and a steward was sent down to have this done.

The boat was now alongside under the davits; the oars were unshipped; the hooks of the lifting-tackle were fixed in the rings for raising the boat; all the hands but two climbed up the tackle ropes to lighten the boat, and then a number of willing hands hauled away upon the tackle. The boat left the water and mounted slowly high into the air till it was above the level of the ship's bulwarks, the davits were swung round, and the boat was gently lowered upon the deck. Then a mighty cheer burst out, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and cheer upon cheer rang over the water.

Little Jack looked out of his plaid with a smile on his face, while Mickey handed his precious bundle into Capt. Hood's arms; and in a few minutes more Jack was having a warm bath under the superintendence of his friend the stewardess, and a little later he was in the saloon with dry clothes on, as merry as if nothing whatever had happened.

When Pierrepoint stepped on the deck he took his wife's hand in his for a moment; and then a rush was made at him, and both his hands were shaken till he thought his arms would be pulled off. But the captain came on deck at once and bore him off to one of the bathrooms, where a warm bath awaited him. A steward brought him a supply of dry clothes, and in half an hour he was in the saloon and had to undergo another course of handshaking.

The captain said all he had to say in a very few words, and with a hand-grasp which said more than words.

The "stupid couple" were now the heroes of the ship; and when the "Shasta" arrived in New York harbor John Pierrepoint managed, by the captain's help, to escape being interviewed by the reporters. The reporters, however, heard the story in all its details from the passengers and officers, and the Pierrepoints found themselves famous.

Before the passengers separated such a number of invitations were offered to the Pierrepoints that, had they been able, they might have spent a year or two in America merely paying visits. Some of these invitations they were able to accept.

Capt. Hood carried them off at once to his house on the Hudson, where little Jack was the first to bring his mother an account of the event of the voyage.

The Pierrepoints returned to England for Christmas without any sea adventures; but before they had been two days in America John Pierrepoint wrote to his father to tell of their safe arrival in America, and he addressed the letter, "The Earl of Hurst, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, England."

—*Chambers' Journal.*

"SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND WASTING AT THE BUNG."

This is an old proverb which teaches us the folly of a false economy. It has been suggested to us by a circumstance. A certain man had been a hard worker, a careful and saving business man, all his life until he had amassed a fortune which yielded him many thousands annually. He has two sons. He did not bring them up to business or to any profession in life. He argued, with that foolish and sinful habit which often possesses otherwise wise men, that since he had in store a large fortune his sons had no need to toil and save as he toiled and saved. He gave to each, in the mean time, a large allowance. One of them is abroad, living among "gentlemen," outvying them in prodigality and showing his foreign associates "how rich Americans can do it." The other one has a yacht, and spends his time among the "sporting young gentlemen of leisure" on this side of the sea. At the same time these young idlers, who never earned a penny and never will, are squandering their father's substance, that father, from the force of early and long habit, will to-day walk a dozen blocks in a hot day rather than spend a nickel for car fare. All his lifetime he had been saving at the spigot of close economy and is doing so still, yet he encourages his sons to waste his savings at the bunghole of their idle prodigality.

The case is typical of many in our cities to-day. The great fortunes which the fathers gather by careful economy and hard work will be, as they are now being, dissipated by the wanton idleness and sinfully extravagant living of their children. Many of these unwise fathers are too saving to give any portion of their accumulating fortunes to the thousand and one good causes which Providence sets before them as a means of sanctifying their wealth, preventing it from being a curse to them and their children, and saving it in permanent blessing to thousands. In withholding gifts they are saving at the spigot; and yet all this economy goes to the wind when they open the bunghole of their unwise folly (falsely called parental affection) and pour out their thousands upon their idle children.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A CHINESE SCHOOL AND A GROUP OF CHINESE CHILDREN.

It will be observed that in the Flowery Land, where many of the customs are contrary to those in vogue among European nations, the scholars, *instead of facing* the master, sit with their backs to him. This method, although it may seem queer to us, allows the worthy pedagogue a constant opportunity of examining his pupils' work without interrupting their studies. Moreover, if the children are idle or inattentive, their avenger is unseen, and the cane may drop on their devoted heads (the *favorite* spot for a native master to strike at) without a moment's warning. One of the two boys standing by the master on the left of the picture, having failed in his lesson and received punishment, is now bidden to stand aside until he has properly prepared himself for repetition. The other boy is in the act of saying his lesson, with the cheerful consciousness that the master's cane may at any moment descend upon his skull. The school here represented was under foreign supervision, and was therefore cleaner than many of those in the interior of China. On the table is an ink-slab with brushes, a feather-duster, water-pipe, tea-pot, and sundry other domestic or educational adjuncts. On the shelves are classical books for reference or study. The scrolls on the walls are beautiful examples of Chinese penmanship, and contain proverbs and aphorisms from the wise men of the country.—*The Graphic.*

SAMUEL BUDGETT, THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

There lived some years ago near to the city of Bristol, England, a man whose name, since his death, has become more famous than it was in his life. This was because of his excellence as a man and his ability as a merchant.

When young Budgett was about ten years old, he casually picked up a cast-off horse-shoe in the road and carried it three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. If this transaction was not the beginning of his fortunes, it was the early manifestation of the trading genius by which those fortunes were made. The penny became three pence in a day or two. "Since then," he said, "I have never been without money, except when I gave it all away." "One would not have imagined," *says his biographer*, "in seeing the little school-boy stop and look at the old horse-shoe, that the turning point of his life had come; but so it was."

There is a horseshoe in most lad's ways, but in many cases it is not seen, or not taken up, or the proceeds not used for further gains; and so, no fortune comes of it. Let it be observed, however, that the fortune was in the mind of the boy who found the horseshoe. For, as we find, "he traded with the same," and added little to little, and turned everything to account. "One day on his way to school he encountered a woman bearing a basket of cucumbers. He asked the price, and to her surprise, and his brother's discomfiture, would know the price of the whole store. It was in vain for his brother to remonstrate; he would buy, and he would sell. The old woman finding him really in earnest, concluded a bargain, and the cucumbers became his own. It was not a very likely investment for the capital of a school-boy; but his energy made it answer. The cucumbers were sold at, I think, the notable profit of ninepence." Young Budgett was, as Mr. Arthur calls him, "a born merchant."

"Yet the boy who had this singular passion for trade, and with a tenacious care of money, had his heart set on something nobler than a plentiful store of pelf." When "by little and little" his original penny had swollen to some shillings, how does he invest it? In the purchase of a copy of "Wesley's Hymns." What for? To sell again and get gain? No! but to read, and learn, and sing. Then he considered himself "a rich and happy boy;" for this little merchant was no lover of money, but a *lover of trade*. So on he went, trading and spending, buying a little donkey for half a crown, and selling it for five shillings, doing such little strokes of business, till by the time he had reached his fourteenth year, he was an old merchant in practice and sagacity, and thirty pounds in sterling cash was the result of his boyish barter. His penny had reached that goodly sum, and now you might expect him to go on accumlating, especially as the time had come for him to go out into the world, and he was about to be apprenticed to an elder brother. But no, he found his parents, who were in a small way of trade, to be in want of money, so he gave it all to them, they intending to return it, though they were never able to do so.

And this is the whole story of Samuel Budgett's life, gaining and giving, giving and gaining. With a wonderful insight into the working of things, he went on his way through life adding store to store, and using and distributing his means, till he became the head of a large concern, and an employer of a large amount of labor. His prosperity, too, was built upon a foundation of strict integrity. Mr. Arthur tells us how his eyes were opened to the *evil of certain tricks of trade, and how he* acted up to his light.

"In Mr. Budgett's early days pepper was under a heavy tax; and in the trade, universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody expected pepper to be mixed. In the shop stood a cask labelled P. D., containing something very like pepper dust, wherewith it was usual to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve the public. The trade tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place among the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were honest. But as Samuel went forward in life, his ideas on trade morality grew clearer: this P. D. began to give him much discomfort. He thought upon it till he was satisfied that, after all that could be said, the thing was wrong. Arrived at this conclusion, he felt that no blessing could be upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was right; but back he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it out to the quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clods and slag, and stones. He returned with a light heart; but he recollected *that he had left the staves* of the cask in the quarry, and as there was no need to let them go to waste, his first act in the morning was to return and gather them up."

The story of the life of this man so honest in his dealings, so kind to those in his employ, so generous in his giving to good objects, has been a very *popular book* in England, and it has been translated into other languages.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"LOVELY."

The absurd use of the word "lovely" is illustrated in the following conversation overheard on a horse-car in the suburbs of an Eastern city. Of course the reporter did not have his note-book open, and therefore he can only be sure of the general accuracy of his account. But this is the impression the conversation made on him. The speakers were a young man and a young woman, happy in each other's society and a bag of chocolate creams:

"Isn't it lovely riding on the open cars?" asked the young man.

"Lovely!" was the reply.

"What lovely houses there are all along this street!"

"Yes, lovely!"

"See those magnificent elms forming a perfect arch of green over that avenue. Aren't they lovely?"

"Perfectly lovely!"

"The view from this hill is so fine!"

"Lovely!"

"How beautiful that little cottage hidden in the green vines is!"

"Lovely!"

"See that lovely lawn. Isn't it charming?"

"Just lovely!"

"Have you enjoyed the ride?" asked the young man when the end of the route was reached.

"Oh, yes!" was the gushing reply. "It has been just too lovely for anything!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A CHINESE SCHOOL.

MORE ABOUT MR. SMITH.

Every year he develops new traits, and gains a more masterly grasp of the situation; and takes everything and everybody under his protection in the most obliging way.

Both dogs have a curious partiality for cats, and, though not above the joys of "chivying" them up trees or across the garden, they are always excellent friends with those of their own establishment, and Smith always exercises a curious fascination over them. When he lies before the

"Dropped into the water."

kitchen fire they will come sidling up and nestle beside him—cats and kittens alike—a familiarity that he in nowise resents, albeit never condescending to return their admiration by any too great show of affability. Our present cat regularly romps with the dogs in the most absurd way. She gets on to a low window-sill, or some easily accessible place, and "brings them on" by every means in her power, till she has worked them up to a state of sufficient excitement, when she will make a bolt for one of their kennels—open casks that afford little cover—they after her, of course, when a great show of scuffling and barking and scratching goes on, a sort of siege, valiantly conducted on both sides until the combatants are about tired. Then comes the triumphant finale, which seldom varies. Col takes the cat by the nape of the neck, Smith holds on by the tail, and in this way they parade round the yard with their captive until they are satisfied. They tire sooner than the cat does, who generally tries to continue the entertainment after it has begun to pall upon the dogs. Strangers sometimes cry out that she is being torn to pieces, but they are rather astonished when, on release, she sits still before Col, trying to get him to take her up again.

Smith merely patronizes and tolerates cats, but horses he dearly loves. He has a passion for running with them, and he takes them on his mind and watches them, and understands them in a fashion quite peculiar to himself.

He knows perfectly well that in harness a horse has no business to canter, and though when we are riding he takes no notice at all of a change of pace, if a horse in harness ventures to break, he rushes up like a whirlwind with a bark of angry remonstrance, and he is not pacified until he sees the trot steadily resumed. This bark is quite different from any other. It is the language he addresses to the horses when he considers it his duty to rebuke them.

His bark of pleasure at going with the horses is altogether distinct. He is always as much excited and delighted at going out as if it were a pleasure of annual rather than of almost daily occurrence. Now he only barks for a short time at the start, but there was a time when he would keep up a ceaseless concert the whole day, till we almost felt inclined to doom him to his kennel when we went out. Luckily, however, in the days of his youth, he had a salutary lesson that produced a marked improvement in this respect, and was never, I think, quite forgotten. When he has a barking fit on he runs just in front of the horse, with his head over his shoulder, so, naturally, he cannot see very much where he is going. Once, when he was in one of his most objectionable moods, and nothing we could say or do could quench his joy or silence his clamor, we were traversing a somewhat unfamiliar road which turned a very sharp corner over a light, open, wooden bridge. Now Smith, running half backwards, not looking at anything but the horse, was quite unconscious of what was coming. He was not prepared for the turn or for the bridge, and, to our unspeakable delight, he deliberately ran on, with his head over his shoulder, until he just dropped flop into the water—a fall of about six or eight feet—as we passed over the bridge, and the current carried him some way down the stream before he could swim ashore and pursue his way.

I have never seen Mr. Smith so utterly quenched as he was that day after that impromptu cold bath. He was too subdued even to shake himself, and paddled home behind instead of in front of us, never so much as attempting to lift up his voice the whole way back. I do not think he ever forgot that ducking, and he was never so tiresome about barking afterwards.

His passion for the water has once or twice been gratified by a visit to the sea, which is a great delight to him. The first time, of course, he was immensely puzzled at finding all the water salt, and he made a round of every pool he could find, tasting each one to see if they were all alike, and drank so much salt water that he made himself quite ill. When he had got over that surprise, however, he gave himself up to unfeigned enjoyment, and lived in the water from morning till night.

We had joined a party of relatives at a sea-side rectory, and the only master Smith has ever condescended to recognise was one of this party. As a rule, Smith holds men very cheap, and will not condescend to take any but the scantiest notice of them; but he did attach himself, to a certain extent, to this master, and would go out with him gladly when bidden to do so, all the more gladly because he always carried a stick (over which Smith's soul yearned) and always took his exercise upon the shore.

To carry a stick, to fetch it out of the water, to race along the sand with it, and lead his master fine dances after it, became the very joy of Smith's heart; and then a new game was instituted that gave to him the keenest enjoyment.

When the pair were out together before breakfast one morning, his master scraped a trench in the sand, in which he laid the stick and covered it well up, Smith sitting by and watching intently. When it was all neatly covered the master got up and called the dog to follow, which he did, though not without many backward glances at the hidden treasure. Presently the wished-for word of command was given, and back rushed Smith, dug up his precious stick, and scampered off with it. But so fascinated was he by the game, that he promptly set to work to dig a trench himself in the soft dry sand above high water-mark, laid the stick in it, and covered it up with his nose: showing a power of observation and imitation quite beyond the average of that of dogs. To bury that stick and dig it up again became henceforth one of his most absorbing pursuits.

Smith's pleasure in the sea is only to be equalled by his delight at getting home afterwards. The recognition between him

"They parade round the yard with their captive."

and the horses at the station is almost human, and Col and the cats cannot make enough of their companion and friend when once they get him back again. He is always very grand for a few days after his return, as if his new experiences had raised him to quite a different level; but as his four-footed companions look up to him at all times as to a superior kind of being, these lofty airs give offence to no one.

Smith really has a very beautiful disposition, and a sense of right and wrong that some human beings might do well to emulate.

Sometimes an elderly visitor, somewhat long over his breakfast, is finishing his meal whilst we are reading. On more than one occasion when this has been the case, the desire to tempt Smith to a breach of decorum has been too strong to be resisted. Pieces of buttered toast or fried bacon have been held out to him, or any delicate morsels most likely to tempt his appetite. But I am proud to say that Smith has never yielded to the temptation. I feel him quivering with a sort of longing; but principle is too strong. There is no need for me to lay a detaining hand upon

"Dug up his precious stick."

him, he wards off temptation himself by shutting his eyes and turning his head away, so that neither by sight nor by smell shall he be tempted to a breach of rule. One can thus leave plates of bread and butter or cake within his reach with perfect confidence; he never dreams of touching them. He has been alone for an hour or more in a room with the remnants of afternoon tea on plates actually on the floor beside him, and not a crumb has been touched. He would no more dream of taking what was not meant for him than a thoroughly well-trained child.

I have a little silver-mounted Malacca cane that I sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs. This stick Smith is never allowed to carry, as his teeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it "just once" are always met with a steady denial. One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and I saw from an upper window a struggle of Smith's conscience over his wishes that really did him the greatest credit.

As he was playing about the lawn by himself, he suddenly came unawares upon this long-coveted treasure. He stopped and stared at it eagerly, and then looked carefully round him. I was hidden behind the window curtain, and there was nobody in sight. Then began the battle with himself. He looked at the stick; he smelt it carefully all the way along; he drew back a little to gaze at it, and licked his lips with the delight of anticipation. Then he approached and smelt it once more, and it seemed as if he must take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his better nature came to his aid. He turned his back upon temptation, and sat down with his head the other way, guarding his treasure till his mistress should claim it, but not touching himself what he knew he was not allowed to have.

This may seem a small victory to those who do not know Smith's passion for a stick, but such of his friends as are aware of this trait will appreciate his self-restraint.

The only real trouble of Smith's life is when his mistresses go up to town and leave him behind. It is very tantalising for him, when the portmanteaus go upstairs to be packed, not to know if he is going to the sea-side, or if he is to be left alone with the servants for a while. But as a set-off against this sorrow is his joy at welcoming us home, when he will hardly let us out of his sight for days, and is quite frantic with delight when we ride out again and resume our usual habits. Dear Smith! I do not think that any words of mine can do justice to his precocious intelligence and unwavering fidelity. He is sitting warm and snug under my feet at this minute, and if I put down a hand he lays his nose in it with a gesture of contented happiness and affection. It is hard to tell whether he is most clever and amusing, or loving and devoted, but the best I can wish for any lover of animals is that he should possess as his own a companion so trusty and affectionate, so full of life and animation and the power of enjoyment, and so truly human in his comprehension of men and things as our own dear Mr. Smith.—*Evelyn Everett-Green, in Cassell's Magazine.*

"Smith has never yielded to the temptation."

REV. HORACE WALLER states that in some places in Africa the wages of native laborers, even of boys and girls, are actually paid in spirits!! If so, it is a burning disgrace and shame.

SUNDAY PLEASURES.

One great use and blessing of Sunday is in its giving an opportunity for the meeting of the family on a common ground. It is for this reason, more than any other, that the Sunday dinner should be excellent and inviting, not necessarily a Sunday burden to the house-keeper either, because it may be wholly planned and partially prepared on Saturday. Now the demand comes for something to do—something entertaining and interesting.

Here is a chance for introducing the Bible album. The idea comes from London, wher it was found useful in work among orphan children, but it is capable of adaptation in other circles.

Provide yourself with a scrap-book of generous proportions, well bound, and with white or cream-tinted pages. Avoid those which are filled with leaves of pink and blue, as those tints do not form so good a background for the pictures to be pasted on their surface. Save the pictures which come to the house with advertisements and catalogues; also it is a good plan, after everybody has finished reading them, to cut pictures from the beautiful illustrated weeklies. You will find there a great variety to choose from, and will be as rich as the possessor of a gallery of art. Wood-engravings in these days are so fine and so various in design that such a scrap-book as I have in mind may be very lovely if they only are used. But children are fond of colored pictures too, and tastefully introduced, they will add to the beauty of the collection.

"Why do you call it a Bible album?" does some one inquire. Because every picture is to be accompanied either by a text of Scripture, a stanza of a hymn, or both, selected by the children, and written in a bold plain hand by the one whose penmanship is most legible. The selection of this explanatory verse is always an interesting feature; and if birds, flowers, palms, stones, bits of landscape, etc., are under inspection, the little students find out how much the Bible has to say about all these. An added attraction will be given the album in juvenile eyes if its ultimate destination be some children's hospital or asylum. "When this is finished," they will say, "mamma intends sending it to a little crippled child, who will be so glad to enjoy these pretty pictures and to read these lovely verses!" I have seen a family happily engaged for months in filling one of these scrap-books, and oh! the gladness when, completed at last, it was packed up and sent to carry on its mission of good among the poor and the sick!

A game of Bible questions may sometimes engage the circle, and provoke the most listless to emulation if properly conducted. Do not let us fancy that there are no Bible questions available except the familiar, Who was the oldest man? who the wisest? the strongest? the meekest? etc. The tiniest child in the group will soon learn these by heart; but try the older children with, "What was Achsah's wedding present?" "How many knives did the Hebrews carry back to Jerusalem after the captivity in Babylon?" "How did the Persians enter Babylon when the walls were guarded and the gates shut?" "What Prince nearly lost his life through tasting a little honey?" and other such questions, which will occur to the mother who reads her Bible.

On many of these questions a story may be hung, and there are no stories in literature surpassing in vitality, terseness, and dramatic force the dear old narratives of the sacred page. Joseph sold into Egypt, Samuel with reverent ears listening to God's voice, Ruth clinging to Naomi, Esther tremblingly entering the presence of the King, Daniel in the den of lions—these are only a few of the Old Testament stories. The New Testament, with its life of our Lord and its wonderful legends of the early Church, its miracles and parables, is another treasure-house. I have never yet found children insensible to the charm of well-told Bible stories, whether they were street Arabs or little ones born to the purple. Over and over again, told brightly and vividly, the same favorites exercise the same fascination.

We once occupied ourselves at a farm-house among the hills, taking verses beginning with the letters in turn, and seeing who could remember the greatest number of texts in each case. The competition between the A's and B's waxed hot, and the excitement increased all the way down the list, there being any number of texts beginning with T, and very few with X, Y, and Z.

Every one who has taught a Sunday-school class knows how perplexing it is to some pupils to find a reference text. They grope blindly among the historical books for the Gospels and Epistles, hunt for Deuteronomy next door to Revelation, and give up in despair if one of the minor prophets be so much as mentioned. A Sunday afternoon Bible drill in finding places and texts might be so managed as to interest all who could read, and to give them a most desirable readiness in turning to any one of the Bible books.

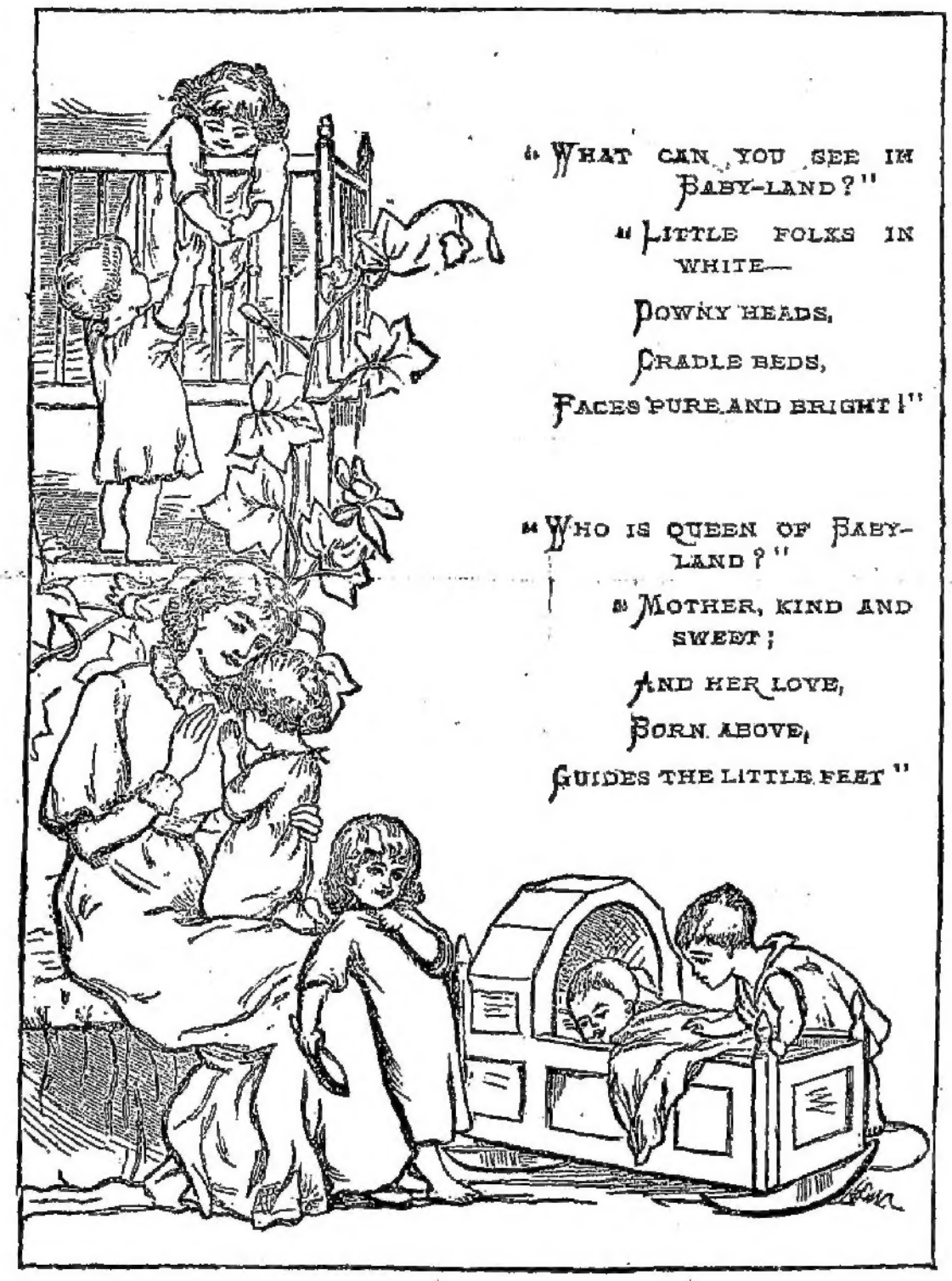
Still another suggestion. If you have one of those family Bibles which used to adorn the marble-topped tables in many a house, lying in state but seldom read, let the little artists color the plates in them according to fancy, illuminate the margins with gold and silver, and trace quaint arabesques around the edge of the pictures. Then, when you are telling the story of the Deluge, and surveying the engraving with the wild waste of waters, the Ark and the Dove, if the smallest boy proposes, by way of illustration, to bring out his toy ark and marshal the animals, let him do so. And while he and the baby are playing with the elephant and the kangaroo, you may ask the children and grown people to listen for a while to a rare old-fashioned Sunday book, "Pilgrim's Progress."

Some of my older readers may possess quaint old editions of this book, with marvellous wood-cuts, representing Apollyon's onset upon Christian, or Giant Despair advancing with his cudgel on the two poor captives in his clutches. But the interest of the pictures is quite secondary to that of the story in this wonderful book, which for years I read straight through, two or three chapters at a sitting, to the children in my home, as a Sunday treat. There must be judicious omission at times, and also occasional explanations, but the book never fails to please bright children, if they are not compelled to listen to it so long that attention flags.

You will not fail to have a Sunday praise service at home. Mamma or sister at the piano, brother with his violin, and papa singing bass, the clear fresh voices will blend sweetly in the strains of some familiar hymn, which will always in coming days remind the children of home and dear household love. The old dream-haunted melodies of the slaves, "Swing low, sweet chariot," and the like, may be upon the programme. Children soon catch these tenderly pathetic tunes, like their lilt and their swing, and sing them *con amore*.

With so many pleasant things to do, not to speak of the happy Sunday tea, it is hardly too much to ask that the children's bedtime shall be deferred a half-hour or an hour. That indulgence will of itself set a seal of beauty upon the day of days; for never yet did little eyes like to own that they felt the dust from the sand-man's sieve, and always they like to stay where the lights and music and talk and grown people all make a pageant for their fancies. "It is Sunday, and my dear may stay in the drawing-room a half-hour later," will add another agreeable association to a day which has been so pleasant that no little one who has enjoyed it will be in danger of saying, with Freddy, "I hate Sunday!"

I cannot promise that mamma will not be tired when the last child head is laid on the pillow, but we mothers do not mind being tired when our children's welfare is concerned. In such weariness there mingles no heart-ache, but only a blessed tranquility and repose.—*Harper's Young People.*



JUDGE NOT.

BY JEAN E. LANCASHIRE.

"Are your neighbors pleasant people?" inquired the new boarder.

Mrs. Baggs poised the shining tin that she was just wiping on the tips of her four fingers, and scrutinized it closely ere she answered.

"Well, now you have cornered me. Mrs. Taylor doesn't notice her neighbors much. It is my opinion she is grumpy and ugly. Mr. Taylor does seem real pleasant, but they do say he is afeared of his wife. He come in and sat on our piazzi one evenin', and John and me thought he was right likely."

"Mrs. Taylor's face looks sad," said the new boarder.

"Don't think so," said Mrs. Baggs, placing the polished pan on a shelf amidst a shining row: "it's just she is cross and sullen."

"Has she any children?"

"Three girls and a boy. I must say for her she keeps them clean, and the house is neat as a new pin. I called on her when she first came, but she was so still and quiet like I couldn't get much acquainted, and she's never been in here. I shan't trouble myself about her."

All day the "new boarder" watched the little woman next door as she moved about her household duties, and then sat in the window with her mending. Noted the sad paleness of the face, the sunken hollowness of the eyes. Saw her minister gently to the poorly-clad children.

It was late in the night, but the new boarder was kept awake by the oppressive heat, and an unusual feeling of unrest. The village lights had gone out some hours before, but the new boarder realized that her neighbor had not gone to rest yet, and a faint light from her window glimmered out into the darkness.

She was startled from a half dreamy state by voices next door. The pleading tones of a woman, the sullen ones of a man. She flew to the door of her hostess, and roused her from a deep sleep.

"Come and see the neighbor you think unkind and ugly."

The sad-eyed woman was not speaking harshly with him. She laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"James, you promised me when you were where you were unknown you would drink no more. You cannot hide it, James; people will know. For the sake of your children, James—" her voice broke, the tears blinded her eyes. They angered the man. He raised his clenched fist.

"I will teach you to interfere; to stare at me out of your white face."

She fell on her knees at his feet, and raised her hands in appeal, but the two women at the open window, though they covered their faces, heard the dull thud of a blow, and the man turned and went out into the night, and left her alone.

No, not alone, for the night-clad figure of a delicate little girl comes stealing in and kneels by the prostrate mother. The whole form of the woman was convulsed with irrepressible weeping. She raised her white face. "Oh, pray for me, Ellen."

"I was praying, mother; all the time."

* * * * * * *

It was but the enactment of a single scene among hundreds of others.—*Christian at Work.*

TOLERANCE comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.—*Goethe.*

Question Corner.—No. 4.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

10. What was the largest number ever destroyed by pestilence, and why was this pestilence *lent?*
11. When was a lion the instrument of God's wrath?
12. What army was smitten with blindness?
13. Who was the first restored to life by Christ?
14. Prove that Peter was married?

HOW SHALL THEY ANSWER.

A number of young subscribers have written asking, whether they shall send the answers to each set of questions as soon as they find them or whether they should keep them all until the end of the year, and then send them together.

As the answers cannot be examined until the end of the year they may take whichever plan they find the most convenient, but we would strongly advise them to *find the answers to each* set as soon as possible and send them in at once, as by so doing there will be much less temptation to neglect any of them or to put the search off to "a more convenient season."

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

"We have not the smallest doubt that if workingmen were to take a moderate quantity of alcohol in a highly diluted form, such as genuine lager beer, about three times a day, they would be very much healthier, able to do more work, and able to live on a somewhat smaller quantity of more costly food."—*American Literary Churchman.*

Alongside of all the teetotalism that exists, there is an appalling amount of tippling that does not distinctly intoxicate, but saturates the principal organs, and destroys them more quickly than would an occasional debauch."—*London Lancet, Dec., 1884.*

The *London Lancet* is, probably, the leading medical journal of the world.

The *American Literary Churchman* is—the *American Literary Churchman.* That is all we know about it.—*The Voice.*

A BOSTON lady teacher has the best proverb exercise we have seen. The pupils learn many proverbs and recite them. Several are given by the teacher, they forage for many others. One pupil is told to think of some proverb, to think about it carefully, to think of an application. He then tells a story illustrative of the proverb, and the first classmate who guesses the proverb takes his turn. It is one of the most suggestive story-telling schemes yet devised. It approaches the story from a new standpoint; it holds the attention of the class in a new way; it pays a new premium upon skill in story-telling.

A HINT TO OUR WORKERS.

Among the many answers coming in to our Prize Bible Questions one young girl writes:

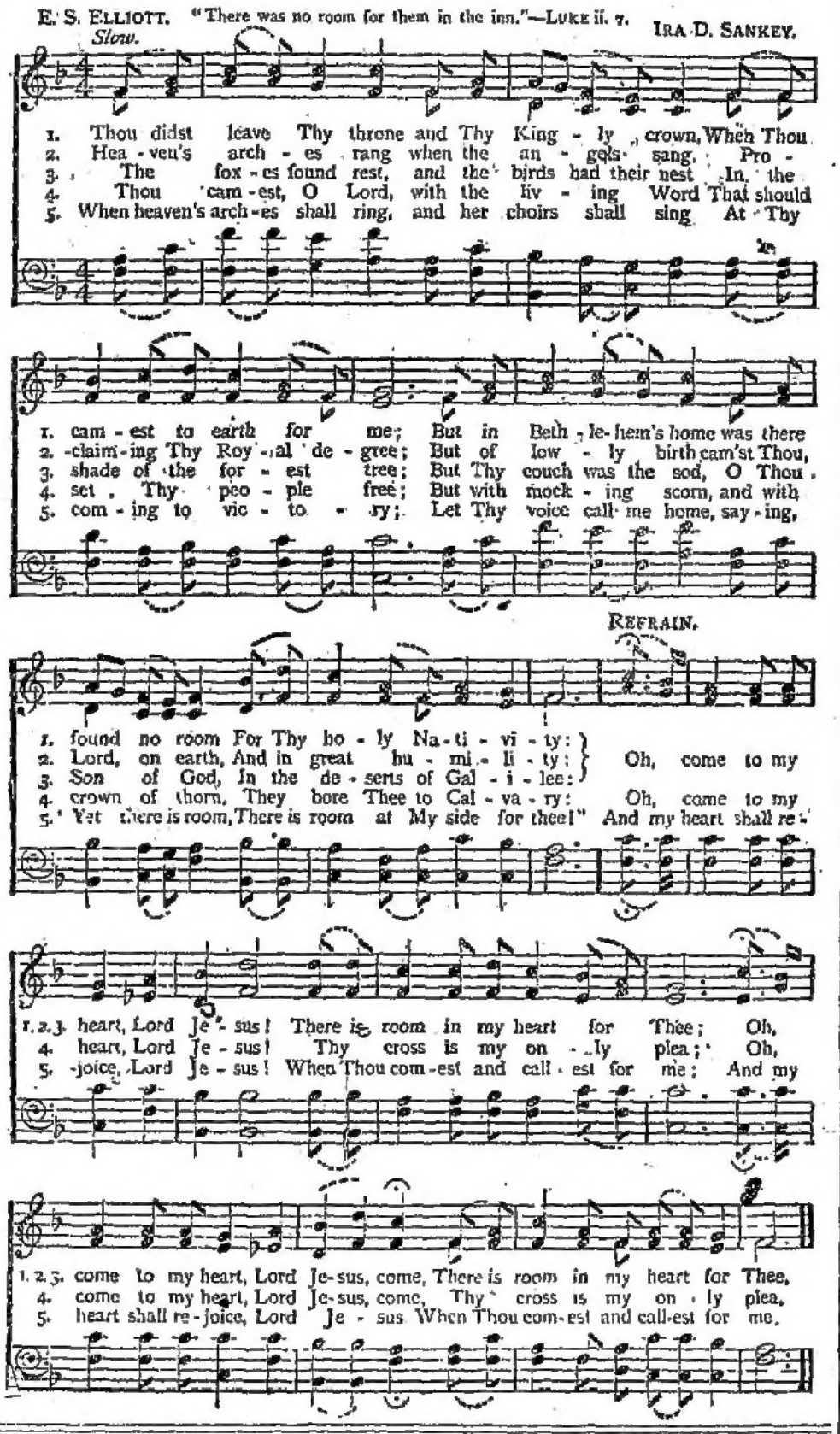
"Having seen the new Prize Bible Questions in last week's *Northern Messenger*, which paper we like very much, we wished to try and answer them. We have only been able to answer three out of the five but thought we would send them and try to do better next time."

This is just the right spirit in which to go to work. Do not hesitate to send a few answers because you cannot find the whole set, any more than at your school examinations you would refuse to give in your paper unless you were sure of its being perfect. In this same spirit too would the *Messenger* have you work in the general *Prize Competition detailed elsewhere on this page.* Remember if each present subscriber to the *Northern Messenger* secures one new one that the circulation will, before the close of this year, amount to NINETY THOUSAND. And in your working be assured of this that the greater number of people you succeed in sending it to the better paper you will have to send. Send us a postal card when you need more sample copies and blank forms and we will send them on at once.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office, Montreal.

Room for Thee.

E. S. ELLIOTT. "There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE ii. 7. IRA D. SANKEY.



NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

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